"On we hove indissolubly First; God and NATURE His eye seemed to reat on vacancy. It in the prime of life, and age when rife is dearest, if It was a beartrending picture. His two

THE ORANGEBURG TIMES

Is published every THURSDAY,

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TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

SOUTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.

CHARLESTON, S. C., May 19, 1872.
On and after SUNDAY, May 19, the passenger trains on the South Carolina Railroad will run as follows:

Proceed Hall Argusta Telecope Leave Charleston and all lati 9:30 a m Arrive at Augusta 194 - 15:20 p m FOR COLUMBIA. ZO HIL Leave Charleston 9:30 a m Arrive at Columbia, - 11 + 5:20 pm

FOR CHARLESTON. 4:45 p ni Arrive at Charleston Leave Columbia Arrive at Charleston 9:00 a m 4:45 p m AUGUSTA NIGHT EXPRESS.

(Sundays excepted.) Leave Charleston 8:30 p m Arrive at Augusta 6:15 p m Leave Augusta Arrive at Charleston 5:50 a m

COLUMBIA NIGHT EXPRESS (Sundays excepted.)

7:30 p m Leave Charleston 6:30 n m Arrive at Columbia Leave t olumbia - Arrive at Charleston 7:30 p m 6:45 a m SUMMERVILLE TRAIN, Leave Summerville 7:25 a m 8:40 a m Arrive at Charleston

Leave Charleston 3:35 p in Arrive at Summerville at -4.50 p m CAMDEN BRANCH.

Leave Camden Arrive at Culumbia 11 55 a m Leave Columbia. -2.10 p m Arrive at Camden 6.55 p m

Day and Night Trains connect at Augusta with Macon and Augusta Railroad and Georgia Railroads. This is the quickest and most direct route, and as comfortable and cheap as any other route to Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and all other points West and Northwest.

Columbia Night Trains connect with Greenville and Columbia Railroad, and Day and Night Trains connect with Char-

Through Tickets on sale, via this route to all points North. Camden Train connects at Kingville

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bes by DR J. DICKSON BRUNS. Hu hed be the clamor of the mart;

Stilled as when stricken peoples pray; We bring our heroed dust to day.

Let all her sons a Sabbath Reep In their proud City by the Sea, And come, whoever loves to seek of The broken lance of Chivality to all

come Honor with the dinted shield, And Valor with thy shivered glaive; And from the sod where Eaith hath kneeled Rise Justice from her trampeled grave !

And come, Q dove eyed Peace I who long From this, our desolate land, bath strayed, And let us dream that Hate, and Wrong With these our brothers' bones are laid !

Twine Amaranth for the noble dead, Nor be the victor-leaf forgot, And, while the parting prayer is said. Strew Heart's Ease and Forget-me-not.

For these no sculptured shaft shall rise. N r storied urn emblazon them; But sobbing waves and wailling skies Will sound their fitting requiem.

And, year by year, a form unseen Shall deck the turf we heap to-day, To keep their fadeless memories green, Who fell in vain, for liberty:

So guard, O God! this sacred dust, Which we with prayers and tears vould bless, And be Thou still the Widow's trust, And Father of the Fatherless.

MY MIDNIGHT PERIL.

The night of the seventeenth of October-shall I ever forget its pitchy darkness, the roar of the autumnal wind through the lonely forest, and the incesgant-downpour of the rain!

"This comes of short cuts," I muttered petulantly to myself, as I plodded along, keeping close to the trunks of the trees to avoid the deep ravine, through which I could hear the roar of the turbulent stream forty to fifty feet below. My blood ran cold, as I thought what might be the possible consequences of a misstep or move in the wrong direction, Why had I not been contented to keep in the right road ?

Hold on ! Was that a light, or are my eves playing me false?

I stopped, holding on to the low, resinous boughs of hemlock that grew on the edge of the bank; for it actually scemed as if the wind would seize me bodily and hurl me down the precipitous descent.

It was a light-thank Providence-it was a light, and no ignis fatuus to lure me on to destruction and death. "Halloo-o-o!"

My voice rang through the woods like a clarion. I plunged onward through the tangled vines, dense briers and rocky banks, until, gradually nearing, I could perceive a figure wrapped in an oil-cloth cape, or cloak, carrying a lantern. As the dim light fell upon his face, I almost recoiled. Would not solitude in the woods be preferable to the companionship of this withered, wrinkled, old man? But it was too late to recede now.

"What's wanting?" he snarled, with a peculiar motion of the lips that seemed to leave his yellow teeth all bare.

"I am lost in the woods; can you direct me to R- Station?"

"Yes; R- station is twelve miles from here."

"Twelve miles !" .

I stood aghast. "Yes."

btain for the night?" "No."

"Where are you going ?" "To Drew's, down by the maple wamp."

"Is it a tavern?" "No." "Would they take me for the night?

could pay them well?" His eyes gleamed; the yellow stumps

tood revealed once more. "I guess so; folks do stop there." "Is it far from here?"

"Not very; about half a mile."

"Then let us make haste and reach it. am drenched to the skin." We plodded on, my companion more

foundation had settled, and the pillars of self-same instant the sharp report of a a rude porch nearly rotted away.

lers knock. My companion whispered through the very spot where ten minutes a word or two to her, and she turned to me with smooth, voluble words of wel-

She regretted the poverty of their accommodations; but I was welcome to them, such as they were.
"Where is Isnac?" demanded my

"He has not come in yet.

I sat down on a wooden bench beside the fire, and ate a few mouthfuls of bread. "I should like to retire as soon as possible," for my weariness was excessive.
"Certainly." The woman started up with alacrity.

"Where are you going to put him?"

sked my guide. "Up chamber." "Put him in Isaac's room,"

"It's the most comfortable.", will gru "I tell you no!" NAIN

But here I interrupted the whispered colloquy.

where you lodge me, only make baste." So Iwas conducted up a steep ladder that stood in the corner of the room, into an apartment ceiled with sloping beams and ventilated by one small window, where a cot bedstead, crowded against the board partition, and a pine table, with two or three chairs, formed the sole attempts at furniture.

The woman set the light-an oil lamp. on the table.

"Anything more I can get you, sir?" "Nothing, thank you." "Thope you'll sleep well, sir. When

shall I call you?" "At four o'clock in the morning, if you please. I must walk over to R-station in time for the seven o'clock ex-

"I'll be sure to call you, sir."

She withdrew, leaving me alone in the gloomy little apartment. I sat down and looked around me with no very agreeable sensation.

"I will sit down and write to Alice." I thought. "That will soothe my nerves and quiet me, perhaps."

glowed redly on the the hearth beneath : me with surprise: my companion and the woman sat beside it, talking in a low tone, and a third person sit at the table, cating-a short, stout, villainous looking man, in a red flannel.shirt and muddy trowsers.

I asked for writing materials, and reurned to my room to write to my wife.

"My darling alice." I paused and laid down my pen as I concluded the words, half smiling to think what she would say could she know of my strange quarters.

Not until both sheets were covered did I lay aside my pen and prepare for slumber As I solded my paper, I happened to glance towards the couch.

Was it the gleam of a human eye observing me through the board partition? or was it but my own fancy? There was a crack there, but only blank darkness beyond; yet I could have sworn that something had sparkled balefully at me.

I took out my watch-it was one o'clock. It was scarcely worth while for me to undress for three hours sleep. I "Can you tell me of any shelter I could | would lie down in my clothes and snatch what sleep I could. So, plucing my valise close to the head of my bed, and barricading the lockless door with two chairs I extinguished the light and lay down.

At first I was very wakful, but gradually a soft drowsiness seemed to steal over me like a misty mantle, until, all of a sudden, some startling electric thrill coursed through my veins, and I sat up, excited and trembling

A luminous softness seemed to glow through the room-no light of the moon or stars was ever so penetrating-and by the little window I saw Alice, my wife, dressed in floating garments of white, with her long, golden hair knotted back by a blue ribbon. Apparently she was than keeping pace with me. Presently beckoning to me with outstretched hands we left the edge of the ravine, entering and eyes full of wild, anxious tenderwhat seemed like trackless woods, and ness.

keeping straight on until the lights gleam-ed fitfully through the wet foliage; her, but as I reached the window, the ap-lit was a ruinous old place, with the windows all drawn to one side, as if the darkness, and I was left alone. At the pistol sounded-iI could see the jugged. A woman answered my fellow travel- stream of fire above the pillown straight

since my head had lain.

With an instantaneous realization of my danger, I swung myself over the edge of the window, jumping some eight or ten feet into the thisled bushes below, and as I crouched there, recovering my breath, I heard, the tramp of footsteps into my room.

"Is he dead?" cried a voice up the ladder,-tne smooth, deceitful voice of the woman with the half closed eyes.

"Of course he is," growled a voice back; that charge would have killed this men. A light, there, quick, and tell Tom to be and at the same time benefit the State,

A cold, agonized shudder ran through What a den of midnight murderers had I fallen inco? And how fearfully narrow had been my escape.

With the speed that only mortal terrer and deadly peril can give, I rushed through the woods, now illuminated by a faint glimmer of star-light, I know not what impulse guided my footsteps-I never shall know how many times I crossed my own track or how close I stood to the brink of the deadly ravine; but a merciful Providence encompassed me with a guiding and protecting care, for when the morning dawned, with faint red bars of orient light against the stormy eastern sky, I was close to the high road, some seven miles from R-

Once at the town, I told my story to the police, and a detachment was sent with me to the spot. she as a nO

After much searching and many false alarms, we succeeded in finding the ruinous old house; but it was empty our birds had flown; nor did I recover my valise and watch and chian, which latter I had left under my pillow.

"It's Drew's gang," said the leader of the police, "and they've troubled us these two years. I don't think, though, they'll come back here just at present."

Nor did they. But the strangest part of my story is yet to come. Some three weeks subsequently I received a letter from my sis-I descended the ladder. The fire still home a letter whose intelligence filled

> "I must tell you something very, very strange," wrote my sister, "that happened on the night of the 17th of October .-Alice had not been well for some time; in fact, she had been confined to her bed nearly a week, and I was sitting beside her reading. It was late the clock had just struck one when all of a sudden she seemed to faint away, growing white and rigid as a corse. I hastened to call assistance, but all our efforts to restore animation were in vain. I was just about sending for the doctor, when her senses returned as suddenly as they had left her, and she sat up in bed, pushing back her hair and looking wildly around her.

> "Alice!" I exclaimed, "how you have terrified us all. Are you ill ?" "Not ill," she answered, "but I feel so strange. Gracie, I have been with my

> husband Ph n nameT "And all our reasoning failed to convince ber of the impossibility of her as sertions. She persists to this moment that she saw you and was with you on the 17th of October-or rather on the morning of the 18th. Where and how she cannot tell, but we think it must have been a dream. She is better now and I wish you could see how fast she is

improying." This is my plain unvarnished tale. I do not pretend to explain or account for its mysteries. I simply relate facts. Let psychologists unravel the labyrinthical skien. I am not superstitious, neither do I believe in ghosts, wraiths or apperitions; but this thing I do know-that althou h my wife was in England in body, on the morning of the 18th of October, her spirit surely stood before me in New York in the moment of the acadly peril that menaced me. It may be that to the subtle instinct and strength ble; but Alice surely saved my life.

Another Handsonie Building.

The officers of the Southern Life Insurance Coropany, have purchased, that valuable lot on the northeast cornersof Main and Washington streets, hear the site of the old Court House. This is one of the most eligible building loss in the city/. The enterplising had flourishing company which has pareliased it, propose to creek thereon immediately a handsome brick structure to cost not less than \$25, 000. The ground story will be flued up as a first class store in The second istory in front will be used as the offices of the Southern Life Insurance and the rear rooms next to Law Range, and to which a side entrance will be had, will be rented as law offices. The arrangement of which we spoke some time since, by which the Southern Life expected to increase

its business largely in South Carolina,

has, we are glad to say, been, perfected.

The arrangements which we will clab-

ginte more fully hereafter, is briefly this; A number, forty or, fifty of four mista prominent and reliable merchants and business men, have agreed to act as a Board of Trustees for the Company in this State, to lend their influence in extending its operations. In return for sucy service, the Company has entered into a written contract by which it is obligated to invest in our State every dollar; of the surplus funds which may arise from the premiums upon policies taken here. All losses are to be adjusted by the Board of Trustees or their Executive Committee, and all moneys are to be in, vested under their directional The benefits which will thus accrue to our community are at once apparent, The greatest obstacle in the way of the growth and prosperity of our State, has been the scarcity of money. We make a great deal every year, but in one way or another it all slips away, and a money famine has come to be a chronic disease in the sum mer months, Nothing, perhaps, takes so much money directly from us as Insurance. Five millions of dollars, we are told, have been drawn out the State since 1865 in the way of premiums. The Southern Life proposes to enable us to stop this, and while increasing its own growth: assists us to keep our money at home, and.

build up our own industries. It is a capital idea, and must commend itself at once to every intelligent mind. ter, who was with Alice in her English For financial strength, economy of management and fair dealing, the Southern's life cannot be surpassed; and it now further commends itself to the self-interest and patriotism of our people by the agreement above mentioned. Carolinian.

CHIPPINGS. and han since -Rioters have domplished a large number of beer breweries at Frankfort, Germany, mangamen-W that bure bath

panies are obliged to use oxen in their agous. Epizootio the bause. At off me -Columbia is infested with vagrants in

-The San Francisco Express Com-

and burglary is the result. -The South Carolinian is published at its new office on Washington street

near the Postoffice, at Columbia. -Beaufort complains that the county school fund is not forthcoming. Serves

her right for electing such officers. -Gen. Gary is writing a sensation!

-Mrs. Ann Castello was knocked down and bitten to-death by a horse in a Brooklyn, N. Y.

-Two children died from eating wild parsnips on Staten Island.

-\$100,000 worth of property was burned at Fort Scott, Kansas, lately. -All the Indian tribes are in sympa-

thy with the Modocs, and are rising generally. -Out of seventeen hundred shots at the target at the Schutenfest, six hundred

and nine hit the centre. -When Prof. DeHound fell from the rapeze at the Shutenfest, a child was so frightened, that death ensued.

-At New Ibevia, La., the Metropolitans, who support Kellog were repulsed with a loss of three killed and four wounded, in a skirmish with the citizens who resist the payment of the tax levied by of a wife's holy love, all things are possi- this faction of the anomolous government of Louisiana.